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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE *

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

IV—BISHOP LIGHTFOOT

THOUGH Lightfoot was one of the most familiar figures of my early childhood, it never, strange to say, dawned upon me that he was a man of the least eminence, distinction, or even ability, till my early days at Eton, when he became, or I became aware that he was, a member of the Eton Governing Body. Up till that time he had been to me nothing but a sturdy, unimpressive, good-natured, and silent clergyman, who appeared at intervals in our family circle as unquestioned as the sun or moon. I had no idea where he lived or what he did, nor the faintest curiosity to inquire. I thought, I suppose, that he was a friend of my father's; but when he came, they never seemed to have anything particular to say to each other. The friendships of grown-up people are incomprehensible to children, because they seem so unintelligible and so dreary. The essence of a childish friendship is primarily that one should have some fun, and nothing resembling fun ever seemed to pass between my father and his oldest and dearest friend. I do not know what I should have thought if I had been told that, not so many years before, my father, with youthful irritation at the precision of "Joe's" packing arrangements, and the length of time that they consumed, had slipped up-stairs in my grandmother's house, where they were both staying, and inserted the tongs, poker, and shovel into Lightfoot's portmanteau, that on his return to Cambridge he might find himself in a position at once painful and ridiculous, and be wholly unable to explain his violation of the rites of hospitality. But no such human reminiscence ever reached my ears. The only thing that brought him down to our level, except the presents he invariably bestowed on us, was the

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fact that he could be counted upon at intervals to become involved in excruciating paroxysms of laughter, in which his cries took on a shrill quality, quite at variance with his ordinary utterance, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. I can just remember in 1868 a long coach drive in South Wales, to a watering-place where we were all going for a summer holiday, during which Lightfoot sate immersed in a small red book, refusing to look at the scenery, and every now and then bursting into helpless explosions of laughter. This lasted the whole drive. The book was *Alice in Wonderland*, which had just appeared. Again, I can remember his examining with an air of polite sympathy a series of very grotesque caricatures of my mother represented in various capacities by a girl cousin of ours. He passed over a design for a stained-glass window, in which she figured as a saint, with an internal quiver. But when he came to a design for an equestrian statue in the Georgian style, the horse pawing the air, supported by a heavy post, and my mother represented with a look of infinite disdain, holding an extended roll of parchment, the familiar sounds arose, while he ejaculated between the throes, "She has caught the features . . . and idealized them!"

But, as a rule, Lightfoot was noted for an imperturbable silence. It has been said that he was painfully shy, and would have given much to be able to join in social conversation. That was not the impression he gave: he seemed quite content to be silent, and appeared to be preoccupied. There is a story that late in his life an American lady, to whom he was unknown, said to him on the platform of a Scotch station, pointing to a distinguished ecclesiastic: "I am told that the Bishop of Durham is in this train. Can you tell me if that tall handsome man is he?" "No, ma'am," said Lightfoot, "the Bishop of Durham is very short and plain." There was no doubt about the truth of the description. Lightfoot was ugly, not with a repellent or grotesque ugliness, but with an honest and straightforward plainness. He had a strong cast in his eye, so that one was never quite sure what he was regarding. The lower part of his face was very heavy, with a great under-hung jaw and thick lips. He looked, and was, a man of extraordinary determination. His body was sturdy and clumsy, and his rather small and dapper legs and feet seemed disproportional to his weight. But this did not detract from the fact that at a function he bore

himself with a fine deliberate dignity, and had a stately uplifted look which gave one a sense of immense force and weight. But in ordinary life he was, as the rustics say, "no company." He did not even, as some silent people do, establish a sort of intimacy by kindly and humorous glances. He seldom looked at any one, and appeared unconscious of the presence of others. He always ate a hearty meal, and his habit of breathing only through his mouth added somehow to the sense of his solidity. He rarely spoke to us as children, yet he somehow contrived to give us a sense of great kindness and even interest. I remember once, as an Eton boy, stopping him, as he came with his rather precise light walk down the aisle of St. Paul's, and not only receiving the warmest greeting, but being carried off to the Chapter House, where he lived, and being entertained at an abundant extemporized meal, with much silent good-will.

Lightfoot's friendship with my father began at school. He was born in 1828, the son of a Liverpool accountant, and after his father's death, his mother, who was the sister of J. V. Barber, the artist, migrated to Birmingham, her native town. Both my grandfather and Mrs. Lightfoot lived some little way out of Birmingham, and the two boys had an arrangement by which, on going in to school, the one who first came to a particular corner waited as long as he could, and if he went on alone was under a pledge to put a stone into a certain hole in the wall, to show that he had passed. Lightfoot was a popular humorous boy, extremely strong, but not athletic. The chief recreation which he and my father practised was to take immense pilgrimages on foot, on free days, to the surrounding towns and places of interest.

Lightfoot went up to Trinity in 1847, and read with Westcott, who was three years his senior; my father joined him a year later, and thus the triple friendship was formed.

My father and Lightfoot can hardly have been very normal undergraduates. They had certain fixed engagements. One was always to breakfast together on Sundays off a cold pie, and read the Fathers. I have lying before me as I write two thin books, bound in black leather, containing the services of the Canonical hours, from prime to compline, written out by the two friends—their handwriting was then strangely similar—and carefully rubricated with red initial letters. At least my father's copy has the initial letters. Lightfoot's copy has a few, but the task of mere ornamenta-

tion appears to have wearied him. They always met together the last thing, and said compline. The interesting point is that this was not, as it might easily have been, an æsthetic fancy, but a matter of serious and unaffected devotion. Lightfoot took the highest honors, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity in 1852, the tradition being that my father beat him in the examination, but that, being his junior, his election was deferred till the following year.

Lightfoot settled down to College work, was ordained, and became a tutor of the College in his twenty-ninth year.

He had intended to annotate the great Orestean trilogy of Æschylus, but this was gradually and happily abandoned for a work which was intended to comprise all the Pauline Epistles. His relation with his pupils was interesting and characteristic. Many of them never discovered that he was anything but a shy, silent, firm, and good-humored man. But there was a strong romantic fiber in Lightfoot's composition; he loved youth, and high spirits, and graceful demeanor, and the gaiety which he envied but could not emulate. He liked taking undergraduates on reading parties, and those who took courage to approach him confidently found themselves met with eager affection and unfeigned delight.

He became Hulsean Professor at the early age of thirty-three, and his lectures, contrary to custom, attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. It was a time of great theological disquiet and clerical animosity. The privileged monopoly of the Church of England was being actively assailed; but Lightfoot's good sense and deliberate toleration helped to keep things quiet at Cambridge. He never had the least touch of the *odium theologicum* about him, and treated denominational leanings, and even latitudinarian speculation, as matters of personal preference, not as objects of Pharisaical persecution. Being unaffectedly honest himself, he took the honesty of other people for granted. His career at Cambridge was one of quiet industry, unaffected devotion, and steadily increasing distinction. His physical strength and his power of work were enormous. He found time to teach, to write, to take a large part in administrative business, and was regarded with extraordinay respect and affection on all sides.

He refused the Bishopric of Lichfield in 1867 before he was forty. But he accepted a Canonry of St. Paul's in 1871, where he became a great and effective preacher, while he

added to his labors a membership of the Universities Commission in 1877, and was one of the Revisers of the New Testament. Indeed, it is certain that that revision, which has been so unfavorably criticised, bears the marks of Lightfoot's influence to a far larger degree than it bears the marks of any other individual mind, except perhaps of Westcott's. Lightfoot always adhered to his deliberate principles in the matter, and maintained that the objections made to the new text were almost entirely due to the unrecognized effect of mere familiarity with the old.

I recollect well how, in January, 1879, an urgent telegram arrived from Lightfoot to my father, who was then Bishop of Truro, and how he traveled down by night for a day of anxious conference. He had been offered the Bishopric of Durham by Lord Beaconsfield, and his face and demeanor testified to his extreme perplexity. None of his friends had the smallest doubt that it was his duty to accept, but he did not share their confidence. It meant for him giving up duties with which he was entirely familiar, and which no one doubted he was discharging with immense effectiveness. It meant his abandoning his life-work on the Pauline Epistles. He was, on the other hand, faced with the prospect of a task which was not wholly congenial. He knew that he had no social gifts: he had no power of saying deftly the pointed criticism or the appropriate compliment. He had lived entirely in academic circles; he knew nothing of the world. But he made his choice. He was rewarded by finding that he had an extraordinary aptitude for detailed administrative work, and that his sturdy good sense, his unpretentious simplicity, and his unfailing good-humor recommended him at once to the confidence and affection of the laity, high and low, of his great diocese, from the county magnate who could recognize a straightforward Christian gentleman, to the pitman who knew an honest man when he saw him.

The private background to his public life was a very delightful one. In the summer of 1879 I went up with my father to stay at Bishop-Auckland. I was fairly staggered by the immense princely mansion of florid Gothic, with its pleasaunce, its stone screens, its ranges of bedrooms, its vast throne-room where the old levées of the Prince-Bishops used to take place, and its stately chapel, rich in woodwork.

Lightfoot had established himself there with two young chaplains, both men of great social charm — the present

Bishop of Wakefield and the present Dean of Lichfield. He had, too, half a dozen theological students, young graduates, who lived a free and delightful life, half domestic, half collegiate. It was evident that he was enjoying himself to the full. He treated his young men with a charming indulgent fraternal affection, poking fun at them in his quiet way, and enjoying the free but respectful banter which he encouraged them to use. The young men read their books, were lectured by the chaplains, and worked in the neighboring pit villages. All the meals were taken in common, and he would receive no payment for their expenses. His large-handed generosity was indeed one of his most marked characteristics: money streamed from him, not only in small subscriptions, but in great princely gifts. Simple as he was, he liked the state of his great house. I remember driving once with him and my father through the dissparkled chase. At what seems to me now to have been an immense distance from the Castle, we passed a great solemn lodge-gate. "Yes, it is bewildering, but rather shocking," said Lightfoot, "to think that my personal domain extends as far as this!" Happy as his Cambridge time had been, I believe that the time of his episcopate was the happiest period of his life. His strength seemed equal to all demands, he organized the immense diocese with ease and success, he attracted devoted helpers to the North, he felt that he possessed the thorough confidence of his great flock, and he had the happy background of his college of friendly students.

Occasionally the sense of humor which lay at the back of his mind found a quiet vent. There is a delightful story of how a very loquacious and prolix gentleman came to stay with him at Auckland, and deluged the party with minute domestic details, referring to his own family circle. The Bishop followed his annals for a time, and then became lost in silent meditation. There suddenly alighted on a dish of oranges a large solitary bluebottle, which had often been noticed, apparently the only winter occupant, of its species, of the big dining-hall. The Bishop caught sight of it, and, fixing his eye-glass, cried out with delight: "Hullo, hullo! There's our fly! Look at him!" This effected a diversion, and the rest of the history had to be intrusted to subordinate ears.

But apart from his own circle he did not succeed in manifesting any particular social ease. The last time but one

that I saw him he came to stay at Addington. There were some visitors in the house, who were intensely curious to see him. I was with them in the drawing-room just before dinner, when the door was cautiously opened, and a large head was inserted. The Bishop, having thus ascertained that it was the right place, screwed his eye-glass into his eye, advanced into the room in his precise manner, and took up a position on the hearth-rug in absolute silence. I presented the eager visitors. He shook hands in silence, and stared at the chandelier. I did what I could, but he was obdurate, and did not utter a word until the other guests appeared.

In 1888 he had a sudden breakdown in health, the result of symptoms disregarded and the immense strain of his work. He went to Braemar for a holiday, where I saw him for the last time. I went to the hotel where he was staying, which had two projecting bow-windows at each end of the front. The first-floor windows on each side were open. As we approached, I saw that Lightfoot was standing at one, looking out on the drive, while at the other was visible the noble head, with its finely cut features, its sanguine tinge, adorned by Olympian curls, of Sir Frederick Leighton. It was a strange contrast: both men were invalided, and by the same complaint. I was much shocked at Lightfoot's appearance: he looked aged, frail, and broken. He was thin and drawn—the ghost of his former self. His eyes seemed to be larger, and had a fixed and suffering stare. I never saw a man with death so legibly written in his face; and he had, too, a distressing apathy and languor about him, very different from his old sturdy cheerfulness. It is a grievous pity that the great portraits of him, by Sir W. B. Richmond, at Auckland and Trinity, record this last enfeebled stage.

I have no thought of trying here to estimate the range and worth of Lightfoot's exegetical work. What I wish to bring out is the tone and character of his mind, and the spirit in which he labored. The principle on which he worked at the Pauline Epistles seems simple and obvious enough when it is once forcibly stated. The surprising thing is that it had never been so clearly stated and pursued before. Previous commentators on St. Paul had worked from a standpoint of classical Greek; they had been brought up and nourished, that is to say, on a language which had reached its full perfection four or five hundred years before St. Paul wrote. The result was that they thought of the Pauline or

Hellenistic Greek as to a certain extent a debased and degraded language, which had seen its best days and had no unimpeachable monuments of literary taste to recommend it. They recognized, of course, that it was in a sense an altered language, with a different terminology, different usages, and with transmuted literary values and nuances. But the perfection of the masterpieces of the golden age of Attic Greek had so sunk into their minds that they could not put themselves at the new angle. They thought of St. Paul, perhaps not quite consciously, as of a man whose intention it was to use Attic Greek, but in whose case the purity of the language at its best had been vitiated by an unfortunate deterioration of usage. The very terms he used, the nouns and adjectives denoting abstract qualities, appeared to them to retain their earlier significance and to connote the earlier ideas. Of course the surprising thing is that the language, in so long a lapse of time, had on the whole altered so little, and that very fact tended to augment the error.

Lightfoot's position was that St. Paul was using a perfectly definable language, with an absolutely distinct and ascertainable terminology of its own, and that he was using it with all the skill of a literary artist, who knew quite well what he was about and expressed with entire lucidity and force what he intended to say. Lightfoot's view, then, was that one must not read the writings of St. Paul through classical spectacles, but that one must endeavor, by comparison of his language with contemporary Hellenistic Greek, to ascertain what the words he was using did actually mean to him and to his contemporaries. Lightfoot had been brought up in the school of Prince Lee, and had imbibed from the first a method of precise verbal analysis. But he was not, like Westcott, misled by any strain of poetical fancy. A writer like St. Paul, who is anxious to prove his points in a dialectical way, and to work out definite trains of thought, does not use words in a mystical and poetical sense, haunted with a consciousness of their history and tradition. He does not, as a poet might, desire to reproduce a vague atmosphere of remote associations, but to make an intricate and subtle matter as clear as possible to his readers. Westcott was almost hampered by the knowledge of what words and tenses might have meant, or had meant, at an earlier stage in the literary history of Greek. But Lightfoot, with the admirable common sense and hard-

headedness that characterized him, saw that St. Paul was using contemporary Greek in such a way as to make his meaning absolutely intelligible to his followers. And the result was that Lightfoot was able to follow and to reproduce the exact thought in St. Paul's mind, in a way in which it had never been analyzed before. Thus his paraphrases of the Pauline argument, though they have little literary grace, are perfectly invaluable to all who desire to see what was the line of argument which St. Paul was pursuing.

In one respect it is possible that this method affected him unduly. Any one who has studied the Authorized Version of the Scriptures in connection with the Greek, will know that the Jacobean translators used a considerable variety of English words to translate the same word in Greek, and they seem to have been guided more by the metrical euphony of the translation than by strict linguistic interpretation. Lightfoot was very strongly in favor of the same word in English being invariably used for the same word in Greek. The principle is on the whole sound; but the correspondence can never be quite exact. Sometimes the original Greek word will have a more extended range of meaning than the corresponding English word, and *vice versa*, and sometimes it may happen that a word is used in one special aspect in a particular passage which may not correspond to its more general equivalent in English. The principle is no doubt right in the main, though it may be possible to defend a certain elasticity of exceptions.

There was one special point in Lightfoot's theological work which needs a word. He is often quoted as an instance of a writer of impeccable accuracy who admitted that Episcopacy was not part of the primitive order of the Church. It is an entire misunderstanding. Lightfoot believed and taught that Episcopacy was an Apostolical institution — Monarchical Episcopacy, as it is called, apart from mere presidential functions. He referred the probable establishment of it to the closing years of St. John's life, and to his personal sanction. What he did teach was that it was subsequent to the establishment of the Priesthood, and grew naturally out of it as a consistent development of Church authority. He more than once made a public contradiction of the misunderstanding, which, for all that, had and has a curious persistence.

But, speaking generally, the whole of Lightfoot's ex-

egetical work is marked by certain main characteristics—detachment, neutrality, historical insight. He showed in the first place an admirable common sense, almost of the nature of genius. He never had the slightest touch of the advocate about his writings. He went to the Pauline Epistles with the desire of finding out what they actually meant, not to confirm what they were expected to mean, or what they had been understood to mean, and still less with any idea of making them express what he himself wished to believe. His tone was like a clear and fresh wind blowing through the mist of ecclesiastical prepossessions and traditions, which it was thought unsafe to disturb. He had no fear of insecurity or uncertainty. His work was to interpret a great writer with transparent honesty, not to accentuate the bias which had been imported into his words by writers whose creed was more definite than their scholarship.

And from one ecclesiastical quality he was wholly and entirely free. He had no touch of the doctrinaire about him. He was really and truly tolerant. He was not in the least impatient or contemptuous of opinions contrary to his own, so long as they were founded upon sound and laborious investigation. What put him in a superior position was the pre-eminent patience and the candor of his own work. It may be possible to take up the position that St. Paul was mistaken, or that he had not sufficient data before him to form his conclusions; but it is hardly possible to disagree with Lightfoot as to what the data were from which St. Paul worked, or what the actual conclusions were which he did, as a matter of fact, draw from them. It is not too much to say that Lightfoot got as near to the mind of a writer of high and inspired genius as it is possible to get.

Perhaps the only one of Lightfoot's writings in which there is any touch of controversial animus is the refutation which he published of a book which appeared in 1874, entitled *Supernatural Religion*, which professed to show that there was no miraculous element in Christianity, that miracles are indeed antecedently incredible, that the evidence obtainable from the Apostolic period is untrustworthy, and that the four Gospels have no sufficient warrant for their reputed date and authorship. Lightfoot considered the criticisms in the book loose, pretentious, and full of errors, and he thought that "a cruel and unjustifiable attack" was made in the book on a very dear friend, to whom he was attached

" by the most sacred, personal and theological ties." The book had attracted a good deal of attention, because it was believed to be the work of a prominent and respected Bishop. But it is characteristic of Lightfoot's affectionate and generous nature that the one and only time that any note of personal severity appears in his writings was when it was induced by his chivalrous affection for a companion and friend.

Of course it is useless to pretend that scientific observation and the application of the scientific method has not put religious controversy within the last fifty years on very different lines from those on which it had been hitherto conducted. Formerly, when the historical basis of Christianity was not substantially doubted, religious controversy mainly concerned itself with the interpretation rather than with the origin of Christian documents. Now, when the history of testimony and evidence generally, and the investigation of its psychological basis, is better understood, the tendency is not so much to impugn the *bona fides* of the writers of early records, as to believe that their observation and their opportunities of investigating evidence were at fault. The important thing is for the defenders of orthodox Christianity to approach the documentary evidence in a spirit of open-minded candor, to make it clear what earlier writers actually said and wrote, and to establish as far as possible their substantial accuracy. In the first heyday of scientific opposition to religious claims, the tendency was to deride and to dismiss the whole of the miraculous element as a mixture of credulity and pious invention. But now, when the borderline between the normal and the abnormal seems less clearly ascertained, the controversy assumes a more scientific aspect. The opponents of religious belief are inclined now to say, not "We can accept no record of miraculous events as genuine," but rather, "Show us for certain that the miraculous events recorded are indisputably true, and we will regard them as manifestations of a natural force of an abnormal character, which are then the outcome of definite laws, which we will proceed to investigate." What is demanded is that supernatural forces should not be regarded as purely arbitrary and fortuitous, but that they should be looked upon as the symptoms of a definite if unknown force, and as such be added to the phenomena which it is man's business to investigate. The whole province of psychology

which deals with imagination and opinion requires still to be scientifically surveyed. We are as yet only on the threshold of that region.

The work which Lightfoot did was the putting of certain phenomena, certain products of the human mind, certain recorded experiences of a bygone age, in a perfectly clear and pure light. If theologians had always worked in that spirit, and not in the spirit of the partisan fighting to confirm foregone conclusions, the strife would have lost much of its bitterness.

But, after all, the most remarkable fact in the career of Lightfoot is that, after accepting the See of Durham with real misgiving and something of considerable, though godly, fear, he became so instantly and even blithely at home there. Partly it was the intense relief at finding himself able, without effort and reluctance, to do the work of the See easily and with dignity. Every one, it is said, ought to have a complete and entire change of habits and work at least once in a lifetime. This was Lightfoot's great change; and there is probably a physical justification for it. From using the scholarly and erudite lobes of the brain, he passed to the work of organization, to financial schemes, to public activities. He made acquaintance with new faces and with a totally different kind of persons from those who had peopled the academical seclusion in which he had lived. His romantic and paternal sympathy with youth made him take great delight in his Confirmation work. He liked the pitmen, and their shrewd critical welcome. He liked the clergy of his diocese, and the sensible, kindly laymen of his County Palatine. If he did not talk easily to them, they, on the other hand, found it easy to talk to the great scholar, who turned out to be so simple and unaffected a man. He established a marvelous hold over them. When he produced a great scheme for Church extension, it was thought that he would receive but little support; but when thirty thousand pounds had been subscribed in the room, on the occasion of the first meeting, a bewildered critic said, "The Diocese has gone mad." It proved a sustained and reasonable madness! My impression as a boy, when I saw him at Auckland, was that he was in high spirits, and enjoying himself with an effervescence of cheerfulness such as I had never seen him exhibit before; instead of being, as I had seen him to be when the decision was pending, an anxious and care-worn

man, he seemed alert and lively, overflowing with good-humor and enjoyment. He was among his young men like a busy man taking a holiday. He was proud of his magnificent house, and had a simple and frank pleasure in the state of his great position. There was a pompous Bishop of Bristol in the eighteenth century who was fond of stating that he was a peer of the realm, with the addition of the unctuous formula, "God knows how unworthy!" Lightfoot did not labor under a sense of unworthiness. If those whose task it was to find the worthiest occupant of the See had decided that he could adequately fill it, and if the friends who knew him best had confirmed their choice, he was content to do his best. There is no sort of doubt that those years of joyful strength and activity were the happiest years of his life. Some of his friends were surprised, and even pained, that he could transfer his interests so whole-heartedly from Cambridge to his Northern See; they had half hoped that he would have hankered after the old collegiate days and the academical attitude, as the sailor at sea longs for the green fields of home. But he did not show the slightest disposition to regret his choice; and his dear friend and successor, Bishop Westcott, summed up the situation by saying that he was delighted to find that Cambridge was forgotten by Lightfoot, and wisely forgotten, and that he recognized in Lightfoot, in his new life, the same true comrade and wise friend, only all translated into a larger scale. When, after his great breakdown in health, Lightfoot returned for too short a time to work, he made a statement on the subject in a public speech of almost sublime manliness. He then hoped that he had regained, or would regain, his old vigor; but he said, boldly and frankly, that if his overwork had meant a sacrifice of life, he would not have regretted it for a moment: "I should not have wished to recall the past, even if my illness had been fatal. For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in the ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilizing tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever."

That is really the secret of happiness—to dare to subordinate life and personal happiness and individual performance to an institution or a cause, and to be able to lose

sight of petty aims and selfish considerations in the joy of manly service.

And then there is another point which must be emphasized—that Lightfoot, in his utterances about life, always subordinated the sense of the duty of work to the sense of the pleasure of work. This is one of the simple secrets of life that is constantly overlooked in surveying the lives of others. We know, most of us, that we enjoy our own work—*le travail, il n'y a que ça!*—but we have seldom enough imagination to transfer the sense of our own enjoyment into the view we take of the work of others. We are too apt to think of work, if not on our own lines, with a sense of compassion and wonder that people can be so much absorbed in what seems dreary and uninteresting. This is particularly the case with erudition. We are apt to think of the laborious investigator as a man sustained by an incomprehensible standard of duty. We should rather think of him as a man engaged in so beloved a pursuit, so congenial an exercise of mind, that his one danger is that of excessive indulgence in an activity that is both desirable and adorable. The spirit of enjoyment is visible in the whole of Lightfoot's work. To make a complicated position perfectly clear, to ransack every possible source of information, to leave something absolutely complete, is one of the very highest and most overwhelming of intellectual pleasures. And this pleasure was in Lightfoot's case infinitely heightened by the extraordinary candor and fairness of his mind, so that he never approached a question with the desire to emphasize his own predispositions, but simply to present the facts as truthfully as possible.

The impression, then, that the life of Lightfoot leaves upon the mind is of a man of immense mental power, wholly freed, by a large tranquillity of outlook and a remarkable balance of physical faculties, from any of those troublesome individualistic traits which are apt to haunt the path of the intellectual man.

He was wholly free from morbidity, vanity, jealous suspicion, and caprice; and, what is even more rare, he had no tendency to oversubtlety, no aloofness of view, no exaggerated respect for intellectual distinction. Men nurtured in academic influences are apt to be lacking in imaginative sympathy for those whose mental processes are simpler and more restricted, and are inclined to rate purely intellectual

capacity, apart from character, too high among the motive forces of the world. Lightfoot never made any such mistakes. He valued men for their moral qualities rather than for their mental performances. His own work was more a moral than an artistic process, and depended more upon patience, clear-headedness, and industry than upon brilliance or suggestiveness. He had little of Westcott's poetry and speculative intentness; he had hardly any of my father's passionate love of ecclesiastical tradition and sacred associations. He had little instinct for emphasizing either the beauty of holiness or the holiness of beauty. Rightness of conduct, justice, purity, laboriousness, were the qualities he valued best and practised most. He was held by some to be unappreciative of the work of others, and sparing of his praise; the fact was that he cared nothing for applause himself and detested compliments, and he did not realize that others could value what seemed to him to be unmeaning and uncomfortable civilities.

But all this makes him, perhaps, the strongest witness that this generation has seen to the vital and literal truth of Christianity. The Christian faith is so bound up with the history, the passionate hopes, the great affections of men, that idealistic natures are apt to make light of the critical difficulties which surround its origin, in the light of its splendid successes, its emblazoned roll of heroes. Again, the surpassing beauty and sweetness of the Gospel story, and its profound appeal to the sensibilities of peace-loving hearts, is apt to cause a surrender of reason and logical exactness in the minds of those who are reduced to despair by the stupidities and brutalities of humanity, and the intolerable delays that beset the path of emotional progress.

But Lightfoot brought to his consideration of the origins and records of Christianity a sturdy, lucid, and prosaic mind, absolutely fearless and candid, incapable of any sacrifice of truth and reasonableness. His faith was neither mystical nor symbolical; it was plain, direct, and sensible. Through nebulous tradition, through the distortions of biased partisans, through obscure and unverifiable testimony, he discerned and realized the actuality of the central figure of Christianity. His reason was never dragged at the chariot wheels of adoration; he worshipped because he believed, and he believed because his reason was satisfied. It is impossible to suspect Lightfoot of any concession to opinion or

sentiment. He was a man of profound and balanced intellect; and he deduced with an almost mathematical exactness from the first recorded ripples of Christian thought the divine energy of the central spring. If a man with Lightfoot's quality of mind had been a determined opponent of Christianity, there would have been countless doubters who would have sheltered themselves under his ægis. Yet he would have been the last to desire that any living man should have pinned his faith upon the faith of another. He had no taste for leadership, no desire for personal domination; he did not desire any credit for his services to truth, nor did he wish to be admired and applauded for presenting an interesting and attractive theory of religious orthodoxy. There was nothing which he preached so constantly or practised so firmly as the duty of tolerance, of adaptability, of respect for sincere if hostile opinion; and thus he became a witness for Christian truth whom it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to overlook or disregard.

Like James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, so Lightfoot might have said of the faith, with the Psalmist of old, "I bear up the pillars of it." It is, of course, the last thing he would have either said or thought! It was not that he undervalued his work or depreciated its importance. He simply had neither the time nor the taste for the garlands and the trumpets of life. He worked among the sheepfolds with the same integrity, diligence, and kindness as he used when he came into his kingdom; and he passed through life very much as Mr. Greatheart accompanied the pilgrims, loving the work he was sent to do, with an amused tenderness for the young and weak, a sturdy self-confidence that was neither rash nor egotistical, and a very practical dexterity in dealing with the giants who encumber, now as then, the road to the city of God.

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